BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. SAMUEL BRECK.

it may vary somewhat the monotony of this peries to introduce a book at once modern and American. Pretty well acquainted with literature of this kind, I do not know a more entertaining piece of autobiography than the "Recollections of Samuel Breck." They cover a most interesting his torical and social period. Mr. Breck was born in oston in 1771 and died in Philadelphia in 1862. He calls himself an unconscious spectator of the battle of Bunker Hill; the weman who had the care of him stood on an eminence with him in her arms contemplating the engagement. Afterward at school he was bedfellow of the son of General Warren, whose education the State of Massachusetts had undertaken. When Lafayette visited Boston in 1783, he was upon terms of the greatest intimacy with the Breck family. The lad was sent to France by his father in 1782 to complete his education. He was placed there in the royal and military school at Soreze. He mentions that when the school was visited by the Archbishop of Toulouse, the pupils raised the first balloon in that section of France. The experiments of the Montgolfiers and of De Rozier had brought aerostation into fashion, and the toys sent up in honor of the Archbishop a globe of some fifteen feet in diameter filled with hot air. Either Dr. Mesmer or one of his pupils visited Soreze, and there was a rush of the creduleus peasantry from all quarters; the lame, the blind, the diseased of every sort threw themselves in the way of the animal-magnetizer, entreating him to cure them. When it was proposed to have one of Franklin's lightning-rods attached to the old tower of the church, the superstition of the people prevented it. "God casts his thunderbolts," said they, " where He lists, and it is presumptuous in man to endeavor to turn them aside"; but a few simple and judicious experiments removed their prejudices, and the church was fur-

The managers of the Sorezo school did not make a convert of Breck, for he says that they behaved most honorably; but ne was converted to Catholicism by an intimate friend, and went to confession regularly The new religion lasted only a little while, and ultimately Mr. Breck subsided into the Protestant Episcopal Church. Leaving school he was in Paris in 1787, when the Notables were assembled at Versailles. Soon sailing for home, he arrived in the same year in New-York, his ship anchoring "opposite to a filthy wooden shed called the Fly Market." The trade of the city, which befcre the Revolutionary War had been so flourishing, was weilnigh annihilated; the wharves were rotting and there were very few vessels of any kind at them. The great fire of 1776 had swept away every building on Broadway from Wall-st. to the Battery, and "the rest of the town was made up of miserable wooden hovels and strange-looking brick houses constructed in the Dutch fashion, and often with yellow bricks brought from Holland." Breck was put by his father into the counting-house of the great Boston merchant, John Codman, paying one hundred guineas for the privilege of admission. We are accustomed to talk of the strict commercial Integrity of our fathers, but Breck says that the lessons taught in Codman's counting room in referonce to trade were of the most immoral character, Smuggling was largely carried on as a matter of course. The only apology was the universality of the custom, which, with the adoption of the Constitution and the new Federal revenue laws, almost entirely disappeared.

Mr. Breck had got rid of his Roman Catholic views soon after his return to Boston, but he still kindly remembered his old Benedictine teachers; and when Mr. Thayer, a young Catholic missionary, began his work in Boston, Breck helped him to fit up a dilapidated and deserted meeting house in School-st., built in 1716 by some French Huguenots. There, June 10, 1790, was selemnized the first public mass ever said in Boston, where only thirteen years before the Pope and the Devil were annually burned together in effigy. Breck, Protestant as he now was, on this occasion carried round the alms-box as queteur. Not long after De Cheverus, subsequently Cardinal and Archbishop of Bordeaux, came to Boston, and there remained, as priest and bishop, for twenty-seven years, till the importunity of Louis XVIII. recalled him to

Mr. Breck mentions his acquaintance with John Quincy Adams, in 1788 a law student and desperately in love with a Miss Frazier, a young lady of Newburyport, remarkable for "the plumpness of her cherry lips and her carmine cheeks, but above all the fascinating charm of her eyes." Unfortunately, the passion of the future Pre Thirty-six years after Mr. Adams taid to Breek that his love for Miss Frazier was " a consuming flame kindled by her. Love such as I felt for that lady was a distressing malady; it made me restless, sick, unhappy; indeed, I may say wretched. It was a long time before I was cured, pr able to transfer my love to another object, which I did very sincerely when I married my present wife." Breck was a member of Congress in 1823-'25, and helped by his vote in the House of Representatives to make Mr. Adams President, being the only one of the Pennsylvania delegation who voted for him.

Iu 1790 Mr. Breck revisited Europe. Reaching

London when everybody was in mourning for the leath of the Duke of Cumberland, he was more complaisant than most American tourists would now be, and paid double price to a tailor for a black suit. At Covent Garden Theatre he saw Mrs. Biddons in "Isabella," but he " was too far back to hear. Her voice did not seem to fill the anditorium; but, as a compensation, her figure was beautiful." He saw George III. going in state to open Parliament. There were "no huzzas, no particular marks of affection or even respect." Breck and his companion alone of all the crowd took off their hats. The poor King noticed this, and particularly acknowledged it. By a typographical error all this is told of George IV., who was not King until some thirty years afterward. The mistake becomes a little laughable when Breck says that he saw the King at the theatre with his family. George IV. was not in the habit of appearing at the theatre with his wives, a good many of whom were behind the curtain; and as for his family, it would have required a large box to hold it.

At a ball at Bath, Mr. Breek saw dancing in a cotillon a younger brother of Major Andre. He had lately been made a baronet as a recompense for the loss of his brother. The Government offered him £500 a year or a baronetcy, and he chose the latter, as the title would procure him a wife worth £1,000 a year. At Paris, Mr. Breck heard Mirabeau make a speech in the Assembly, his voice being busky and his articulation thick, as if he had something in his mouth. His hair was powdered, and he wore three curls over each ear. He saw Marie Antoinette at mass, her hair already gray with anxiety, though she was only thirty-six years old; while her husband was lusty and in good health. Two or three of Mr. Breck's old Beaedictine friends from the Soreze school chanced to be in Paris. They had east their frocks and cowls aside, and were dressed in citizens' clothes. There were a few Americans in Paris, all poor, and "anxiously watching the times in order to cut in and carry off a slice, either by preying upon or administering to the wants of a disordered State." Some of them became rich. Joel Barlow, the bard of "The Columbiad," was there, living in inconvenient lodgings; but afterward he became more prosperous, and few years subsequently he displayed the magnificence of an arcuassador in one of the best hotels in the city. Mr. Breck wearied of Paris, and left it " without the remotest wish to visit it again." He then returned to America, and one of the first men whom he met on landing in Boston was Fisher Ames, "who inquired with great eagerness for French news." It was natural, and the story is

characteristic. In 1792 the peculiar system of taxation in Boston flrove the father of Mr. Breck to Philadelphia. He complains that the inhabitants were rated for watch where there were no watchmen, for lighting streets where there were no lamps, for municipal regulain general where there was an almost entire police. This being done, they put down oder the head of "Faculty" as much as they

dollars) for one year; he resolved to move to Philadelphia, and "he never regretted the removal," though he lost \$50,000 on the sale of his Boston homestead. The Philadelphia taxes were only \$55 per year. The city then contained 50,000 inhabitants, "and a much larger society of elogant and fashionable and stylish people than at the present day," General Washington, then President of the United States, was residing there, and we are informed that he with many other gentlemen had " a French cook." Many of the emment Frenchmen driven to America by the horrors of the Revolution were there, and gave a tone to society. Breek personally knew Talleyrand, and saw him prepared for a journey to the West, " in the costum" of a backwoodsman. The metamorphosis from bishop's lawn and purple to this savage garment was suffl ciently rediculous." Volney was "a timid, peevish, sour-tempered man." He entertained Breck with stories of his hair-breadth escapes from the rapacity of the Mamelukes of Egypt, who used to gallop after him and oblige him to redeem himself from tancied danger by flinging them a handful of silver. Apropos of the dinners diven by Robert Morris, the financier, Breck exclaims: "We have no such establishments now. God in His mercy gives us plenty of provisions, but it would seem as if the devil possessed the cooks." Poor Morris came to the debtor's prison, where Breck visited him and saw him "in his ugly, whitewashed vaults," It was in this way that the Republic treated the man who had furnished it with the sinews of the Revo-Intionary War. William Cobbett, called by Breck "the notorious." was then keeping a book-shop in Philadelphia. He is characterized as "one day a warm Royalist, the next a low Jacobin; now defending the ultra-aristocracy, then stirring the passions of the piebeians by seditious pamphlets and penny sheets." General Knox was then Secretary of War, exercising a liberal hospitality upon salary of \$3,000 a year. His manners were bland and dignified; his conversation sprightly, playful yet sensible, "His voice," Breck says, "was a deep bass, and resounded through the camp when exercising the artillery of which he was general. When on the left bank of the Delaware, preparatory to the attack on Trenton, his stentorian voice was heard above the crash of the ice which filled the river with floating cakes."

Mr. Breck, like Mr. Crabbe Robinson, was an assiduous keeper of note-books, of which in this volume we have specimens sufficiently interesting to make us wish for more. Some memoranda which e makes of Joseph Bonaparte, whom he knew very well, are historically valuable. The ex-King of Spain was accustomed to talk with perfect freedom of his brother Napoleon, and sometimes in a strain of great severity. Joseph said: "When I was King of Spain I would direct my marshals and generals to do one thing, but they would immediately set about doing another. If I complained, they would show the Emperor's order for what they had just ione, so that my plans were frustrated by the conflicting authority of my brother." Joseph suspected that Napoleon's intention was " to annex the greater part of Spain to France, leaving him only mall kingdom in the south." The world by this time knows pretty well how little like the birds in their nests, as described by good Dr. Watts, were the Bonaparte family. The appearance of Joseph was that of a very plain country gentleman. "I thought," remarks Mr. Breck, " that one of the nine servants he brought from England might have brushed his hat, which looked rather shabby. In company he was " taciturn and grave,"

The burning of Washington in 1814 aroused all the Federal spleen of Mr. Breck, and he burst into the following strain of good old-fashioned invective: "O Democracy, to what have you brough us! O Madison, Armstrong and your conceited, ignorant and improvident Cabinet! how guilty are you toward this dishonored, unhappy nation! And Snyder, thou governor by appellation! why hast thou never visited the great head of the State, the city of Philadelphia, during thy six years' administration? Thou goader of this war! thou Demo cratic feeble disorganizer! say what has thy imbecility, thy guilty incompetency to answer for ! Is Philadelphia safe, I ask, even against four thousand men? I shall be answered by thee, 'I know not,' and perhaps, thou phlegmatic chief, thou wilt add, 'I care not.'" This reads exactly like a fierce vitriolic diatribe in an old Federal newspaper. It is refreshing because it is earnest and sincere. Men, Democrats or Federalists, be-

ss every Administration from the days of Washington to those of Jackson." One of Daniel Webster's dismal and boding prophecies Mr. Breck re-peats. "Sir," said he, "if General Jackson is elected, the Government of the country will be overthrown; the Judiciary will be destroyed; Mr. Justice Johnson will be made Chief Justice in the room of Mr. Marshall, who must soon retire, and then in half an hour Mr. Justice Washington and Mr. Justice Story will resign. A majority will be left with Mr. Johnson, and every constitutional decision heretofore made will be reversed." Mr. Webster said that he knew more than fifty members of Congress who had expended and pledged all they were worth in setting up newspapers and employing other means to forward Jackson's election. Judge Peters told Mr. Breck that Baron Steuben was in deadly fear that some American college would make him an LL.D., Lafayette having received that dubious honor. Having at the head of his troops to pass through a college town, in which the Marquis had been thus distinguished, the old warrior halted his men and thus addressed them You shall spur de horse vel, and ride troo de town like de debbil, for if dey catch you, dey make one doctor of you." The tough soldier of fortune had no passion for academic distinctions.

When Jeffrey, the Edinburgh reviewer, was in this country, as the story is teld, he called upon President Madison, who talked with him upon our existing quarrel with Great Britain, Joffrey said plainly that he was a leyal Briton, and in all that related to the dispute with America considered his Government wholly and tully justifiable. Mr. Breck is indignant that Secretary Monroe, who was present, should have argued the merits of the question with this "foreign coxcomb" and "young puppy." The era of railroads was not pleasant to Mr.

Breck, whose aristocratic tastes strengthened by residence abroad were greatly shocked by the iumbling together of all classes in the cars. Once two poor fellows, who were not much in the habit of making their toilette," squeezed him "into a corner, while the hot sun drew from their garments a villanous compound of smells, made up of salt fish, tar and molasses." Again, when the conductor had bawled out, " Make room for the ladies " he saw to his horror twelve bouncing factory girls enter, sucking lemons and eating green apples. Upon this he says with silver gray gravity: "There is certainly a growing neglect of manners and insubordination to the laws, a democratic familiarity and a tendency to level all distinctions. The rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the polite and the vulgar, all herd together in this modern improvement in travelling. The consequence is complete amalgamation. Master and ervant sleep heads and points on the cabin floor of the steamer, feed at the same table, sit in each other's lap, as it were, on the cars; and all this for the sake of doing very uncomfortably in two days what would be done delightfully in eight or ten." Poor Mr. Breck! What would he have said to one of our cars, surface or steam, coming up the Third avenue about 6 o'clock in the evening.

The present day is not perhaps to be censured for its exceeding good opinion of itself and its own ways, manners and devices. In this respect, all its predecessors, back even to the days of the flood, have been like it. Individually, as our beards grow white, we look longingly back to the season of youth, and are sure something of the beauty and grace of that time has gone out of the world. If manners have changed, it is for the worse. If the style of books has been altered, we see in it the degradation of literature. If politics have assumed new phases, and public men exhibit new charac teristics, we doubt the utility of the first and the integrity of the last. We reverse the old dogma.

STUDIES IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. | and that other so much." In this way they made the | and mournfully declare that there is nothing old tax-bill of the elder Breck amount to \$1,125 (hard under the san. We need more philosophy than we are usually masters of to escape perpetual irritation. But the world is good to us, and laughingly permits us to scold; and when we write books about our lives, the readers seem to enjoy them, in spite of their occasional acidities, and of such books Mr. Samuel Breck's is an excellent specimen.

CASTLE ISLAND LIGHT.

A BALLAD From The Independent.

Between the outer Keys,
Where the drear Bahamas be,
Through a crooked pass the vessels sail
To reach the Carib Sea.

Tis the Windward Passage, long and dread, From bleak San Salvador; (Three thousand miles the wave must roll Ere it wash the Afric shore,

Here are the coral reefs
That hold their booty fast;
The sea-fan blooms in groves beneat?.
And sharks go lolling past.

Hither and you the sand-bars lie, Where the prickly bush has grown, And where the rude sponge-fisher dwells, In his wattied hut, alone.

Southward, amid the strait, Is the Castle Island Light; Of all that bound the ocean round It has the loneliest site.

Twixt earth and heaven the waves are driven Sorely upon its flank;
The light streams out for sea-leagues seven
To the Great Bahama Bank.

A girded tower, a furlong seant Of whitened sand and rock, And one sole being the waters seeing,

Where the guil and gannet flock.

He is the warder of the pass That mariners must find; His beard drifts down like the ashen moss Which hangs in the southern wind. The old man hoar stands on the score And bodes the withering gale, Or wonders whence from the distant world Will come the next dim sail.

From the Northern Main, from England, From France, the craft go by; Yet sometimes one will stay her course That must his wants supply.

In a Christmas storm the "Claribei" struck At night, on the Pelican Shoal.

But the keeper's wife heard not the guns
And the bell's imploring toll.

She died ere the gale went down, Wept by her daughters three— Sun-flecked, yet fair, with their English hair, Nymphs of the wind and sea.

With sail and oar some island shore
At will their skiffs might gata.
But they never had known the kiss of man,
Nor looked on the peopled main,

Nor heard of the old man Atlas, Who holds the neknown seas,
And the golden fruit that is guarded well
By the young Hesperides.

Who looks on Castle Island Light May hear the seamen tell How one, the mate, alone was saved From the wreck of the "Clarinet";

And how for months he tarried

With the keeper on the isle, And for each of the blue-eyed daughters Had ever a word or a smile. Between the two that loved him

The second her trouble could not bear,
So wild her thoughts had grown
That she fled with a lurking sauggeler's crew,
But whither was never known.

Then the keeper aged like Lear, Left with one faithfur child; But 'twas ill to see a maid so young Who gever sang or smiled.

'Tis sad to oide with an old, ord more, And between the wave and say To watch all day the sea-fowl play. While lone ships hasten by. There came, anon, the white full resent That rules the mind e year, Before whose sheen the lesser stars

Grow pale and disappear.

It glistened down on a light hunse tower.

A beach on either hand,
And the feature was of a gray old man
Digging a grave in the saind.

EDMEND CLARENCE STRUMAN.

HOW THIERS WAS FRIGHTENED.

and sincere. Men, Democrats or Federalists, believed in their politics then. But now?

Mr. Breck is indeed a man of plain speech. He cails John Randelph "a troublesome catiff who has endeavored to vilify every honest man and embarrass every Administration from the days of Washhe ended by attracting the attention of two of the Bourbon Prince's supporters, who were youn-indicated from These gentlemen, keeping their eyes on the spy, found that he was in the habit of spending his evenings in a certain calc or the Grande Place. Repairing to this establishmen their eyes on the spy found that be was in the habit of spending his evenings in a certain cate on the Grande Place. Repairing to this establishment they seated themselves near to their man, and began talking about the Cennt de Chambord's doings in whispers just loud enough for the fellow to hear. The spy of course pricked up his ears; and soon he must have been convinced that he was discovering most valumble secrets. The young men related marveilous stories about the Prince's plans, the number of adherents he was gathering in France; and spoke of a grand coap delai which was being propared for him by a number of statesmen and generals who hoped to take the country by surprise. In great excitement the spy flashed these news to Versailles, and M. Thiers, who had no wish to see the Count de Chambord restored, communicated them to his private organ, Le Ben Public. That credulous newspaper became remarkable during the next few days for publishing the most extraordinary news from Antwerp. Every day the spy had something new to relate out of what he picked up at his cafe, till at length, one of his hoaxers having let fall a letter as if by accident, the spy discovered (as he fancied) an elaborate plot for kidnapping M. Thiers. The letter stated, in effect, that the Count de Chambord, having resolved to seize upon the throne, was going to have M. Thiers apprehended in the middle of the night by a certain General, whose name was mentioned, and that meanwhile another general would arrest M. Gambetta. M. Thiers was a fassy little man who had a great belief in plots; and on recent of the tidings which apprised him that his therry was in danger he must have experienced a moment's consternation; but before he could take any steps to prepare for the threatenest cosys detay, the Union, a Legitimist paper, published a chaffing letter from Antwerp, in which the horx played upon the story, it may be doubted whether, on his return to Faris, he was received with smiling thanks.

KIDNAPPING AND THE LOTTERY IN ITALY

From The Cornhill.

That most unnoral amusement (if ammoment it can be called), the lottery, is a great source of revenue to the Government, and I know it is a great source of misery and crune to the people, in illustration of which I will tell an anecdote, which, strange as it may seem, is absolutely true.

A lady took her little boy to a reighboring fair. He was a lovely child, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a dazzingly fair complexion. To this pair a sound in the content of the middle class, inserporated. From The Cornhill.

He was a lovely child, with flaxen hair, bine eyes and a dazzingly fair complexion. To this pair a well-dressed woman of the middle class, fascinated apparently by the extraordinary beauty of the child, approached. "I have a carriage here," said she to the mother; "may I take your boy for a little drive? I will bring him back almost immediately." The haly was young and unsuspecting; the child eager to go. He was carried oil, and in vain the mother waited and watched. The kindrapper woman nover brought back her child. The kindrapper was not a native of those parts. No one there knew who she was, whence she came, or whither she had gone.

knew who she was, whence she came, or whithe she had gone.

There seemed no clue to the mysiery. The poo There seemed no clue to the mystery. The poor motter went more than half distracted; but the father, a man of energy and shrewd sense, succeeded in tracking his child to a village far south. Accompanied by "carabinieri," he discovered has son in a loft, and rescued him only just to time from an awful fate. He was about to be murdered, and an altar had been creeted on which the victure's blood was to spurt. The motive of the intended crime was to insure his murderess a prize in the lottery; for a soothsayer had recommended for this purpose the sacrifice of a fair and rosy child. The ghastly plot was invented by a priest, for what end I do not know. The priest escaped; the woman was put in prison, where she shrrly died. See hal net borne a bad character, and the dreadful guit she meditated appears to have been the result of a sort of tated appears to have been the result of a sort of madness which the fascination of the lottery is said to bring upon its victims. Perhaps it is fair to add that this happened many years ago.

Two Detroit lawyers had a lively tilt in court this week. "You are a bulletin board, sirrah!" screamed one. "You are a liar!" howied the other. They glared at each other, when inspiration seized the biggest, and he fairly lifted himself off the floor in rearing out, "You are a mean bank cashier, dr., a bank cashier!!" That settled it; the extreme was reached.—[Detroit Pree Prees.

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS. CHRISTMAS GREENS-FISH AND MEATS-CANNED AND PRESH VEGETABLES-FRUITS-PLUM PUD-

The markets are now in full tide of heliday glory. Christmas greens are displayed in profusion. Venders of cheap toys crowd the sidewalk in the vicinity of the produce stalls, and the perennial dealer in Japanese lacquer work has dusted his wares and again offers them for sale. Christmas trees sell at 25 cents to \$2 each, according to size. Rope greens, single, are 4 cents a yard, double, 8 The supply of fish is fair. Live cod is now

The supply of fish is fair. Live cod is now brought to market from off the Long Island and Sandy Hook coasts. Halibut continues scarce, and there is an apparent failure in the supply of striped bass, the choice dinner fish of this season. There is, however, an abundance of red snapper, and this has some of the same characteristics in flavor as striped bass, and takes its rlace to a considerable extent. Live cod is 10 cents a pound; white halibut, 25 cents; striped bass, 30 cents for medium fish, weighing from four to eight pounds. Frozen salmon is 60 cents; frozen sheershead, 25 cents, and white perch from 10 to 18 cents. Fresh mackerel is 20 cents; frozen bluefish, 15 cents; blackhish, 15 cents; and flounders, 12 g cents. Green smelts from cents; frozen bluefish, 15 cents; blacklish, 15 cents, and flounders, 12½ cents. Green smelts from Rhode Island and Massachusetts are very scarce and Rhode Island and Massachusetts are very scarce and sell at 25 cents a pound; Canada smelts are 12 cents. There is an abundance of all varieties of fresh water fish in market, though the supply of fresh caught whitefish will soon be stopped and the frozen fish will succeed it. Fresh salmen trout are 18 cents; whitefish, 18 cents; Southern black bass 18 cents; whitefish, 18 cents; Southern black bass are 20 cents; strawberry bass, 10 cents; small green pickerel, 18 cents, and cisco, 12 cents, Terrapin from the far South are \$18 \text{indexen}\$; choice diamond-backs from the Chesapeake are \$36. The further north the terrapin is to ind the more it is prized by gourmands, and the rare specimens which are caucht on the coast of Long faland bring as high as \$5 each. Green turtle is scarce and sells at 24 cents a pound. Two-quart kettles of green turtle soap for family use are \$2. Large hard shell clams are \$1 \text{ a hundred opened. Lattle Neck clams are 60 cents, and oysters are from 75 cents to \$2.50. Hard crabs are \$3.50 \text{ a hundred, and soft crabs of the winter market, and are somewhat interior in flavor to the blue crab which sheds its erab of the winter market, and are somewhat materior in flavor to the blue crab which sheds its shell in summer. Prawns are \$1.50 per gailon. They come from Charleston, and are boiled and packed in salt before they are sent to market. They consequently lose much of their delicate flavor. Scollops are \$1.50 a gallon; crayiish \$3 per hundred.

hundred.

There was a tendency to lower prices in meats and poultry in the middle of the week, but in consequence of the cold weather and the anticipated demand of next week the market is firmer. In Washington Market prime ribs or beef are 22 cents a pound; porterhouse mast is 26 cents; chuck, 16 to 18 cents; fillet of beef, 80 cents; round of beef to each a potential porterhouse treat, 25 to 30 cents; corned to 18 cents; fillet of beef, 80 cents; round of beef 18 cents; porterhouse steak, 25 to 30 cents; corned beef from 10 to 16 cents, Beef tongues are 75 cents each; smoked tongues, 15 cents a pound; suct is 18 cents; ler of beef for sonp, 81; shins, 90 cents; ox tails, \$1 25 a dozen. Fillet of veal is 55 cents a pound; cutlets, 35 cents; loin, 20 cents; nine rib racks, 19 cents; knuckles for sonp are 15 cents each. Calf's head is 50 cents, brains, 30 cents a dozen; liver, 60 to 75 cents each. The best sweetbreads are as high as \$6 to \$7 a dozen. Leg of mutton is 12½ cents; corned leg, 13 cents; loin, 14 cents; racks, 14; and Freuch chop, 15 cents trimmed.

14 cents; racks, 14; and French chop, 15 cents trimmed.
Good prime poultry is in demand. Much of the Western stuft which fills the market is unit for use before it reaches this city. Philadelphia turkeys or chickens are 20 cents a pound; State turkeys or chickens. 18 cents, and Western, 14 to 16 cents. Philadelphia fowls are 16 cents; State fowls, 14 cents. The best ducks are 20 cents; State ducks. 18 cents; Western, 15 cents, Boston geese are 18 to 20 cents; Philadelphia are 25 cents. Wild turkeys are 25 cents; canvastack ducks from the Chesapeake are \$4 a pair; reduced, \$1 50; mallarid ducks, 50 cents; teat, 96 cents of \$1; blackheads, 60 to 75 cents. Snow boutings at 75 cents a dozen and robins at \$1 50 are the only novelities in game. Quali are \$3.25 a dozen; partiridges, \$1 50; woodcock, \$1 50; and prairie heas, \$1.25. Venison is from 18 to 22 cents a pound.

The canned stock of vegetables will be welcome this season to supply the dearth of fresh ones. Cauncal asparagus is 30 to 50 cents. The best tomatoes are 15 cents; peas, 26 to 35 cents; string beans, 35 cents; corn, 20 cents; Lima beans, 35 cents; dry Lima beans, 35 cents; dry Lima beans, 30 cents a quart; dried

tomatoes are 15 cents; peas, 20 to 35 centa; string beans, 35 cents; corn, 20 cents; Lima beans, 36 cents; dry Lima beans, 30 cents a quart; dried corn, 10 cents; and German lentils, 10 cents. Dry oftra is \$1 25 a poind, Among fresh vegetables celery is conting from Long Island and Jersey in full supply, and is tather lower, selling at 20 cents a bunch. Some celery is brought from Michigan. There is more of the huge English celery to be found. Cauliflower is nearly gone, and sells at from 10 to 60 cents a head. The winter supply of cableage from Long Island is almost exhausted:

for sale from 25 to 30 cents. Here are signify that and excellent to cut up for breakfast; they are also in demand by confectioners for the sake of their skins, which are used in flavoring water ices and candies. Lemons are Si to \$2.25 per box, containing from 360 to 490 lemons. Good lemons retail at 12½ cents a dozen. Fine Dehesa raisons are 35 to 40 cents a pound, loose Musearies, 20 cents; seedless Sultanas, 15 cents; citron is 22 cents a pound. Candied lemon and orange peel sell at 15 cents; Zaute currants at 7 cents.

Careful housekeepers prepare their Christinus plum puddings a week or two before they are needed, and led thom hang in some dry coal place, where they attain a richness and ricenses by handing that no fresh made fruit and ding ever has. The following is a well-tested recipe of an English housewife: Take one and one-quarter pounds of raisons, seeded and chopped, one pend of sugar, one of currants, one of bread crimbs, one quarter of a pound of citron half a season of our states, one of bread crimbs, one quarter of a pound of citron half a season of our states, one of bread crimbs, one quarter of a pound of citron half a season of our states and the pound of sugar, one of circuits, one of bread crimbs, one quarter of a pound of citron half a season.

MENU.

Groupe Sonp.

Bedied Salmon, White Sance, Potato Balla.

Brodied Sweetbreads with Crease Sance.

Boast Torkey, Cramberry Jelly, Escatloped Cauliflower,

Boeng Punch.

Game Pic.

Oyster Salad.

Nentshatel Cheeke, Wafers.

Ette's Pudding, Ico Cream.

Face: Cales.

Finit.

Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

GROUSE SOUP.—The bones of two roasted grouss and the breast of one, a onast of any kind of stock or pieces and bones of cold reasis; three quarts of cold water, two slices of luraip, two of earrot, two large onions, two cloves, two stalks of celery, a bonquest of sweet herbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour. Cook the grouse bones in three quarts of water for four hoars. The last hour add the vegetables and the cloves; then strain, and return to the fire with the quart of stock. Cook the butter and the flour together until a rich brown and then turn into the stock. Cut the breast of the grouse into very small pieces, and add to the soup. Ecason with salt and pepper and simmer gently half an hour. If there is any fat on the soup skim it off. Serve with fried bread.

BROILED SWEETERRADS.—Take the heart sweet-

BROILED SWESTBREADS.—Take the heart sweet-bread, which has the finest flavor, and split it after being boiled. Season with salt and pepper, rub thickly with butter and sprinkle with flour. Broil over rather a quick fire, turning constantly. Cook about ten minutes and serve with cream sance.

ESCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.—Cook the cauliflower one hour in salt and water, drain, and break apart. Put a layer of the cauliflower in an escallop dish,

moisten it with Bechamel or cream sauce, and moisten it with Bechamel or cream sance, and sprinkle in a little grated cheese. Put in another layer of cashidower, and continue as directed before until all the vegetable is used. There should be two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and one pint of sauce to each head of cauliflower. Cover with bread crumbs and cheese, and dot with bits of butter. Bake balf an lour in a moderate oven.

Bake half an Lour in a moderate oven.

Oyster Salada.—One quart of oysters, one pint of celery, one-third of a cupful of mayonnaise dressing, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor. Skim well, and drain. Season them with the oil, salt, pepper, vinegar and lemon juice. When cold put in the ice chest for two hours. Scrape and wash the whitest, tenderest part of the celery, and with a sharp knife cut in very thin slices. Put in a the whitest, tenderest part of the celery, and with a sharp knife cut in very thin slices. Put in a bowl with a large lump of ice, and set in the ice chest until serving time. When ready to serve, drain the celery and mix with the oysters, and half of the dressing. Arange in the dish, pour the remainder of the dressing over, and garnish with white celery leaves.

-MINCE PIE. Four pounds of lean cold boiled -Mince Pie.—Four pounds of lean cold boiled meat chopped fine, nine pounds of sour easy cooking apples, chopped fine, one and a half pounds of suct chopped fine, three pounds of raisins stoned, two pounds of currants, half a pound of citron sheed very fine, five pounds of sugar, three tenspoonfuls of ground cloves, ten teaspoonfuls ground clinnamon, five teaspoonfuls of ground mace, one teaspoonful of ground black pepper, six tablespoonfuls of sait, one quart of cider and vinegar mixed with one quart of molasses. Mix all, and add the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and half a pint of good brandy. Keep the mince-meat in stone jars, in a dry, cool place. When about to make pies, if it should become too dry, add more cider, or, if you prefer, sherry wine or brandy.

Coffee Cake.—Two cggs, one cup of sugar, one

COFFEE CARE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of strong coffee (made), one teacup of stoned raisins chopped fine; cinnamon, nutneg, cloves to taste. Add a teaspoonful of so a, dissolved in a little water, the last thing. Use flour enough to make it not too stift. Bake in a moderate oven a good while.

stiff. Bake in a moderate oven a good while.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core one pound of apples, place them in a stewpan with eight onnees of sugar and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Let cook until tender; pass the apples through a sieve and let get cold. Whisk up rather stiff haif a pint of cream, add the apple pulp, a little essence of lemon, one onnee of isinglass boiled in a gill of water, mix well together; pour into a jelly mould and let set. When required dip the mould into warm water for half a minute, wipe it with a cloth and turn it out on a glass or silver dish. Garnish with red flowers and slices of lemon.

Eve's Pudding.—Six eggs, six apples, six onnees

Eve's Pudding.-Six eggs, six apples, six onne of bread, six ounces of currants, half a teaspoonful of salt, nutmeg to taste. Boil three hours, or steam four hours, which makes it better. Serve with wine

VIRGINIA MUFFINS.-One quart flour, one teaspo VIRGINIA MUFFINS.—One quart flour, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon butter and lard mixed, one tablespoon well mashed Irish potato, three well beaten eggs, one-half teacup lomemads yeast. Rath the batter and lard into the flour, then the mashed potato, sais and sugar should be sifted with the flour. Pour into this the eggs and yeast, and make into a soft dough with warm water in vinter and cold in summer, and knead thirty rainntes by the clock. If wanted for an 8 o'clock winter breakfast, make up at 8 the night before. At 6 o'clock the next morning make the dough into twelve round balls without knead. an 8 o'clock winter breakfast, make up at 8 the night before. At 6 o'clock the next morning make the dough into twelve round balls without knead-ing, and drop into weil greased tin baking cups. These cups should be smaller at bottom than at top, and must be three and one-half inches deep. Grease the hands and pass them over the top of each Grease the hands and pass them over the cop of carming; set them in a warm place for full two hours and then bake. The depth of the cap is important, because, if properly made, they rise to the top or nearly so, and would be heavy if baked in the shallow cups commonly used.—[A Virginia Woman.

What marvellous variety of tastes, of likes and islikes with regard to special forms of food, from dislikes with regard to special forms of food, from cannibalism to current-cake, we find an ing people physically constituted alike in every respect. This nerson eats his meat burned to a cinder; that will tench only what is rawly nadone. George III. preferred fish when it was semi-putrid; has successor's weakness was not plum bread crumpled up in a quart of cream. Lord Bacon is said to have lived whole weeks at intervals on nothing but oranges; while the elder litt could not endure the sight of fruit, and never suffered any to brought into the room where he was.

It seems an extraordinary thing to speak of eating a skunk, and thet, too, in a part of the world where

room where he was.

It seems an extraordinary thing to speak of eating a knuk, and that, too, in a part of the world where beef and mut n are infinitely more pleatiful than bread; yet, it is a fact that the Guachos of the bread; yet, it is a fact that the Guachos of the Banda Oriental are in the habit of hunting this creature for the sake of its desh—nor is this incomprehensible to anyone who is acquainted with the true nature of the skunk. The disgusting liquid which it ejects is contained in a gland on the back, and constitutes its weapon of defence. Certainly, the effluvious is the most horrible and enduring that may be conceived, and man and beast will fly from it; but if it be surprised and killed before it has time to use this, and the gland be afterward extirpated with care, the rest of the body is destinated all ofdence. Skruk-skina are largely used by furriers, and beautiful skins they are, and the animal is capable of being domestica ed, as it never can is the secretion except, when in danger or

is alled up doly with scanes of meas, i.s., almost anything, and various spices, peppers, chillies and other condiments added, the essentia one being ensarpe, a thick, black, treacly fluid extracted from the ensavar root. The crock itaelf, is brought to the breakfast hole, and the contents served with a wooden spoon; the mixture is black and fibrons in appearance, and intensity hot to the palate; but the sine que non of excellence in a pepper-pot is that it shall never be allowed to become empty. The quantity it holds is immensely disproportionate to that required for daily consumption; nevertheles, it is alled up every morning, and kept perpetually simmering. Eats, for instance, I firmly believe, would be not only wholesome, but very mice if properly prepared—not common sewer rais, but such as I are, born-led minimals someof in a hopearden. The flesh, though perfectly white, was ory and tasteless; but then they were only skinned, clemed and submitted to the fire without any of the electerers which make other means sevoury. Dr. Kane, Rear Admiral Beaufort, Caprain Inglefield, and other Arctic explorers speakinghly of rais as a welcome addition to their supply of lood in those dreary latitudes. dreary latitudes.

HOW FRENCHWOMEN ARE LOVED.

From The Argosy.

The Provençal women are the stateliest, most quecalike spectmens of their sex that I have ever seen. Tall, well-formed, strong, with piercing black eyes and bronzed faces, they charm the eye and attack the heart of the laver of the beautiful. There is ever, too, a static upon their rips, a reflection of the sun's rays from their prestry faces, as they chatter in their rich old Provençal dialoct.

In any other country but ertice these faces would photograph themselves upon the hearts of men, and rouse a passion which only its return could souther. Men would lave live, fight or the for the women of Provence—at least linglishmen would—but such things are unknown in France. I do not say unknown here only, but unknown in France. The Paris exquisite may after a faste in women as he

known here only, but unknown in France. The Paris exquisite may after a taste in women as ne does a taste in women as ne does a taste in the say, He may even spend bit line and money in their pursuit; but as a nation, and with but rare exceptions, the love of woman as woman does not exist in France.

To the Freuchman the woman is everything except his hear's love. She is his business partner; in lact, the managing partner of the business while he lives in his care. In the country she is his laborating man, his pursekeeper, his adviser, often his master. To the professional man she is the mother of his children, the bringer of a certain dot to the family store. In politics she is the centre around which men congrexite. In religion, the deputy and representative of all maximal at church. But in the heart of a Frenchman she has no place and no home.

the heart of a Frenchman she has no place and no home.

What I say generally of France, I say particularly of this place and all country places—muriages are made as business partnerships are made, with a due regard to business arrangements on all sides, and without any reference whatsoever to the impulses of the heart. Only a few days ago one of our handsomest young fellows gave up one of our pre-trest girls, whose parents are rich, because the sum of hard cash to be handed over to him on the day of marilage was not equal to his demands. He will now, of course, look for another wife as he would look for another fain, with a sole regard to its income-trigging prospects.

HEADS AND HATS.

From The London Standard.

Scotland still takes hats a size larger than England, and the manufacturing towns a size smaller than those devoted to general commerce. No doubt, as a rule, the biggest heads are the best, since the neavest brains contain most of the raw material of intellect. The brain of the average European male weighs from forty-nine to fifty onnees, that of the female being fully ten per cent lighter. But quantity is no test of quality, and great variation is noticeable in the weight of the brains of eminent men. The brain of Cuvier weighed sixty-four and a half ounces, that of Agassiz fifty-three, that of Spurzheim ifty-five, and that of Sir James Simpson, the celebrated physician, fifty-seven ounces. It is also undoubtedly true that the skull capacity bears a direct ratio to the mental grade of any race, and that among savages there is less difference between the size of the cranium of the two sexes than among civilized nations. On the other hand, while cases are on record in which the other hand, while cases are on record in which the brains of idiots weighed only eight and a half ounces, there are other in-

mass attained sixty ounces, or double the limit which Paul Broca considered necessary for a person to possess without being legally an imbecile. The truth is a brain may be shrunken, or, without being actually diseased, it may be of inferior quality originally, or, owing to a bad disection or a defective liver, be improperly nourished or actually poisoned. Again, Professor Ferrier, without altogether confirming the sweeping generalizations of the phrenologists, has, by his interesting experiments on living animals, shown that each portion of the brain appears to be marked off for the performance of certain functions. Accordingly, if the intelligence is thus localized, it may so happen that a nerson with a really small brain can, owing to the necident of the perton required for his specialty being of good quality, or relatively large, attain eminence. The well-trained athlete may be actually a stronger man than either the hammerman or the ballet dancer, but he might prove utterly inferior to either were he to attempt the welding of two bars of iron, or the performance of a ten-mile waltz. Hence the endless elements of error which interiere with any generalization from the size of a man's head as to the grade of intellectual distinction to which he has attained.

This is incontestably proved if we compare the sizes of hats which are worn or have been worn by certain well-known individuals. For instance, Lord Chelmsford required 61c full; Dean Stanley, 63; Lord Beaconsfield, 7; Charles Dickens, 74; Earl Russell, 74; Lord Macaulay, 78; Mr. Thuckeray, 79; M. Julien, 73, while the peculiar pearshaped head of Louis Philippe required a hat of exactly the same size. Among living celebrities the Prince of Wales wears a 7, Lord Selborne a 74s, Mr. Bright the same, Mr. Gladstone a 75s, and the Archibianop of York an S, full. Now, though it would be presumptious in us to apportion out the relative brain power of these eminent personages, it is very clear that if the size of their hats bears any relation to the size of their

GUSTAVE DORE.

GUSTAVE DORE.

From The Boston Courier.

Gustave Dore is nearly fifty years of age and looks about thirty-live. Of medium stature, he has the frame of an acrobat and the head of a poet. To see him in the street you would feel inclined to give him a penny, for he is the worst dressed man in Paris, the scape-goat of his tailor, who infliets upon him all his mistits. Dore passes his life in drawing and painting, sleeping or dancing about with a fiddle in his haad. In society, when he is not napping or fiddling, he is constantly making sketches, His fertility is prodigious, and on that account his brother-artists do not look upon him with a favorable eye. A statistician has calculated that Dore's pictures and drawings, if laid liat side by side, would suffice to cover the railway track from Paris to Lyons. He attaches no importance to his work, and although in business transactions a man of singular acuteness, in private life he is the most "giving" of artists. When he was in Switzerland a few years ago he used to give his water colors away right and left to his neighbors at the table d'hote. At dinner at Madame X's the other day, an English lady begged Dore to write his name on a slip of paper, so that she might possess his illustrious autograph.

"Oh! Madame, I will give you some thing better than a mere signature."

And suiting the action to the word, he took off

sess his illustrious autograph.

"Oh! Madame, I will give you some thing better than a mere signature."

And suiting the action to the word, he took off his black necktie, asked for a bit of flake-powder, mixed it with water, and, with a match, he painted on the necktie a gay procession of capids offering a necktie to a lady, signed it "Gustave Pore," and handed it gallantly to his fair admirer.

Gustave Pore's talent is universal. He is painter, engraver, designer, sculptor and water-color-painter. In painting he does nearly everything with the bursh, and fixes the position of the ligures with the barsh possible indications in charcoal. His ocalar memory is astonishing. In his studio he has no documents, no sketches, no models, Recently he made a replica of his great picture of Christ leaving the Prictorium, entirely from memory. When he was doing his great book on London and visiting all the dens of Whitschapel and Wapping, he never made sketches on the spot, but only at night when he returned to his hot-l. Unlike most of the artists of the day, Gustave Dee has no taste for bric-a-brac and bibelots. His studio, formerly a riding-school, is a seene of indescribable disorder, full of immense scalindings, huge canvases, immense pal-ties, such as Hercules might have used had he taken to painting, colors and brushes all pell mell, piles of drawings, statues, modelling-clay, etchings, engravings, woodcuts and in the midst a piano, and on the piano a Stradivarius. Whenever he dees venture to buy bibelots he chooses the most abominable rubbish, for instance Bohemian glass of the most modern manafacture.

Lately Dore has had a craze for sculpture, and all facture.

Lately Dore has had a craze for sculpture, and all

Lately Dore has had a craze for sculpture, and all the great bronze foundries are anxious to buy his models. The colossal vase, The Epopes of Bacchus, which was exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, is now being east at the artist's own expense. For the past seven years Dore has been working at the illustration of Shakespeare, which he is anxious to make his masterpiece of flustration. Thanks to his knowledge of German—he was born at Strasburg—he has been able to get very near to Shakespeare. and to comprehend him as few Sankespeare, and to comprehend that as lew Frenchmen have done. To give an idea of the care he is taking over the work, he says that he has spent over \$50,000 in essays and plates, which he has for the most part rejected as unsatisfactory. An American and an English publisher are rivals for the possession of this work, which will not be fin-

the possession of this work, which will not be invisited for a year or two to come.

No Frenchman has been decorated with more foreign orders of chivalry, but he never wears any decoration except the Legion of Honor, and no triumph abroad, however great, gives him the same joy as the smallest success won at Paris.

THE CZAR IN ENGLAND.

Ready was caused on the occasion of the Czar's visiting the Crystal Painee. The expediency of this visit had been nucle questioned, and the authorities of Scotiand Yard were very nervoig about it. Their fear was not so much that the Czar's would be assassinated as insuled. In 1867, whip coing through the Palais de Justice in Paris, he had been mobbed by French Radicals, who nad shouted in his ears, "Nye ha Pologne"; and some demonstration of the sort was to be apprehended or the part of Communist relages living in London. On the day before the Crystal Palace feto word was brought to Zarouboff that a Pole who carned his living as a fencing master intended to throw himself at Alexander IL's feet and present a pertition for the release of his brothers, who were in Siberia. This had to be prevented at all costs. The Pole lived in Wardonest, and the Russians were for getting him arrested out "of hand. The English police doubted whether they could do this, as they had no warrant, but they asturely suggested that some gharge might be preferred against the Pole. The wretched man's residence was accordingly watched; and in the evening, as he was going out to dim' at an eating-bose, an English highing ran against him, collated hum, made an uproar, and accased him of having picked his pooket. A broked pose of watch-chain dangling from the English manin's waisteast seemed to bear one, the English michannis's waisteast seemed to bear one, the English michannis's waisteast seemed to bear one, the English michannis's waisteast seemed to bear one, the English police on Angistrate, a charge was sworn against him and a remaind asked for. The magnitate granted the remaind, a charge was sworn against him and a remaind asked for. The magnitate granted the remaind, a charge was sworn against him and a remaind asked for. The magnitate granted the remaind asked for. The magnitate granted the remaind a week in Juli, the prosecutor, of course, railing to appear at the adjourned hearing. Zaroubolities of the particle of the particle of t